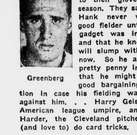
© New York Post.—WNU Service.

Box Score Is Mum on Cards Wanting Reserve Infielder

THE Cards would like to trade a pitcher preferably Walker or Hallahan) for a reserve infielder (Jimmy Jordan or Woody English). . . . Such a deal would strengthen the Gas House gangsters at the one point where they now are woefully weak. . . . Judging by he claims he is happy, Al Lopez looks thin and peaked and his friends insist the former Dodger catcher would like to be traded to some club with a chance. . . . Charley Roman, the umpire, has a 391-acre farm in Kentucky. He quarters 30 to 500 horses and mules as well as 50 to 60 milch cows. . . .

Cy Perkins, the Tiger coach, is the best piano player among the athletes now stationed in this state. Ethan Allen and Pitcher Pete Appleton (see Jubilosowski) are the runners-up. . . . Braves Field (or whatever they call the present Boston Beehive) is the toughest of all big-time parks in which to catch foul balls. That is because the wind plays queer tricks while whistling through the high stands. . . . Fred Leach, who once outfielded for the Phils and the Giants, now is a Idaho bank director. He also has a farm on which he specializes in eggs.

Some of his pals insist that Hank Greenburg's holdout was partly inspired by the rule which prevents first basemen from attaching those oversize nets to their gloves this season. They say that Hank never was a good fielder until this gadget was invented and that he knows he will slump without it now. So he asked a pretty penny in order that he might be in good humoring position in case his fielding was held against him. . . . Harry Geisel, the American league umpire, and Mel Harder, the Cleveland pitcher, can (and love to) do card tricks.



Greenberg

Otto Miller probably is fixing to get himself tossed out of the "them was the days" union. The Dodger coach says that it is much harder to hit now than when he was a star. Claims that the pitchers mix in so many curves, screwballs and knucklers along with the fast ones. . . . Gabby Hartnett is the favorite bull player of P. K. Wrigley, owner of the Cubs. Angie Galan ranks second and Billy Herman third.

Lee Ballafant, the newest of National league umpires, is a snappy young fellow but players are complaining. They say he passes judgment on curve balls too quickly. . . . During his catching days Tom Clarke, Giants' accut, had one finger broken 22 times. It looks as good as ever now, though, while a digit damaged during batting practice two years ago resembles the first. . . . Ed Brandt has more trouble pitching to little Lloyd Waner than to any other batter.

Breadon, Card Prexy, Has a Menagerie

In addition to owning the Cards, Sam Breadon also has little to fill a dozen saddle horses, 12 dogs, a flock of guinea pigs and a six-foot snake. . . . The Brooklyn Indians camp once card lists eleven club officials, starting off with Prexy Steve McKeever and winding up with a scout named Melville G. Logan. . . . Ben Geraghty, the Villanova basketball coach, thinks one of the most promising of Dodger rookies, studied journalism at college. . . . Rookies, several of whom operate in the New York rings, are still being shoved around by the Miami Pinks. . . . There is some little discontent at the Babe Ruth homestead because so few photographers give an annual thought.

Torchy Koda, the very good Japanese golf pro who has been so popular with the galleries during his present tour, is only five feet tall and weighs only 125 pounds. . . . Charley O'Leary, the Yale back who now operates on Wall street, is the closest pal of Tom Yawkey.

Joe Dimaggio, the most talked about (and probably the best) ball player in the South this spring, has found something to worry about. This is the first time he has been far away from the family fireside and although he has noted no symptoms as yet the thought he eventually will become homesick. . . . The Phils turned down Burgess Whitehead before the Cards traded him to the Giants. . . . Although there are people who speak critically of his speed, Harry Danning is willing to bet that if all the big-time catchers were lined up for a 100-yard dash he would finish no better than third. . . . Ripple, the outfielder, has the daintiest dogs among the Giants. He wears only a size 6½ shoe. The National league and Dollie Stark will soon make up.

THE following is what a reporter gets for going to the dogs:

There are four states in which dog racing is legal—Florida, Arkansas, Massachusetts and Oregon . . . Tracks also are permitted to operate in 14 other states by—let us call it—special arrangement with local authorities . . . It is estimated that more than 15,000,000 witnessed the races last year . . . Greyhounds, generally considered the fastest of all animals at any distance up to 550 yards, naturally are preferred to whippets . . . A greyhound in full flight averages 25 miles an hour.

They are not raced until they are fourteen months old . . . Females usually continue in competition for three years, while males usually campaign a year or more . . . Then, even though they still retain their speed, they are retired for breeding purposes.

Blood lines are as important as among race horses . . . War Cry, owned by W. H. Burnett, the author, is the Man o' War of the dogs . . . Aside from starring in a movie, he won 44 races in one year and was out of the money only four times . . . Other great sires are Traffic Officer, who goes back three dog generations (12 years), Meadows and Playgoer.

Greyhound's Dinner Will Cost You a Quarter

When in training the dogs are fed only once a day . . . On days when they are not racing they dine at six o'clock . . . On working days (Florida has mattinees as well as evening performances) they must wait until after the races . . . If you have a greyhound to dinner you should give him raw hamburger, ground coarsely but with all the fat removed, pearl barley, spinach, tomatoes, oatmeal, dog biscuit and hominy grits . . . You mix all this together and, if it is a very special occasion, you add a few spoonsful of cod liver oil . . . The ordinary portion weighs a pound and a quarter, although some owners dish out rations as heavy as two pounds . . . The average daily cost for a dog's board is 25 cents.

Sixty to sixty-four pounds is the ideal racing weight for a dog, but there have been winners all the way from forty-seven to seventy-four . . . At the start of the season the weight of each dog is recorded . . . When competing in a race his weight must not vary by more than two pounds from these recorded figures . . . Similarly only a pound and a half weight variation is permitted from his last weight.

This is to prevent cheating . . . There was a day (it still exists in too many places, as most dog racing experts will admit) when unscrupulous owners would fill their favorites full of food or water before a race.

Other owners used to celebrate "Be Kind to Animals Week" by sand-papering the pads of a popular dog's feet. It was a very fine means of winning bets on long shots, as you will discover if you try the trick on your own tootsies and then attempt to sprint a hundred.

Owen P. Smith invented the mechanical rabbit whereby dog racing was made possible as a public (and big betting) spectacle . . . That was in 1920 and the first events were held at Emeryville, Calif. . . . The biggest of all betting nights was at Springdale, Ohio, an outlaw track near Cincinnati. More than $325,000 was wagered.

Incidentally, owners flatly deny the widespread story that a greyhound which has reached the rabbit in longer is any good for racing and, in fact, is practically broken-hearted at the deception that has been practiced upon him.

Recalling When Johnson Kayoed Stanley Ketchell

Not in the box score.

Take it or leave it, but there are people who insist that Pete Bostwick, the millionaire aeroplechase rider, wants to buy Brooklyn's Dodgers . . . Francis Albertanti, recently retired Madison Square Garden pugilistic publicist, once was a world's champion. He won the title in a typewriting speed contest at the old Garden thirty-five years ago . . . After Jack Johnson knocked out Stanley Ketchell, Manager Ketchell's teeth were found imbedded in Johnson's glove.

Even the ultra-careful New York Jockey club sometimes makes mistakes. Recently a two-year-old was registered as Sophia Tucker when it should have been Sophie. Similarly Greentree Stable officials were all set down as Ruby Keller when the owner should have been to be known as Jorge Brescа, the heavyweight; Louis Soresi, his manager, and Billy DeFoe, his trainer, all were born in the same month, March . . . Jimmy Foxx, who hails from some New York friends on Sunday, forgot to sign his name to the invitation sent to one sports writer. Then sent the invitation to the wrong paper . . .

Washington may get a franchise in the Eastern Amateur Hockey league next season. One of the big-time clubs is planning to operate a farm there . . . Wilfred Barnes, past president of the British War Veterans F. C. (soccer) and chairman of the N. Y. S. F. A. cup committee, also is an authority on rugby. He played as a schoolboy internationalist for England in 1900, was with the famous Salford club in the Northern Union league and represented the British navy for five years against the best European teams . . .

"Electric Eye" Telephone Invented for Airplanes

Portrait of H. H. Cochrane, former vice president of Universal Pictures corporation, who succeeds Carl Laemmle as president. The latter recently sold his interest in the company.

Messages Between Air and Ground Are Easily Made

Communication between ground and airplanes and between underwater submarines by means of invisible light in two-way conversation will be made possible with an invention perfected by A. A. Arnhym, a member of the Illinois National Guard. A photo cell of the type used for television pick-up is the main feature of the new equipment. Arnhym, who is a German-born scientist, states that the electric eye weapons will be the major factor in the next war. The photograph shows Mr. Arnhym receiving a message from a plane, with R. L. Longini, who aided him.

Man Is Improving

Men with the dignity, common sense and ample greatness of a Lincoln are rare; but as time goes on the average rises.

Germany's New Zeppelin on a Test Flight

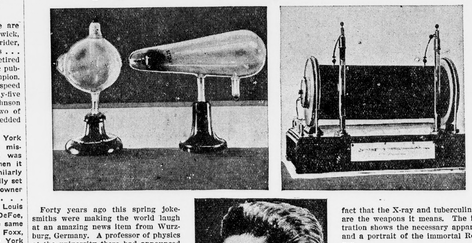
From an airplane flying above it, this excellent snap of the LZ-129 was made, as the great zeppelin that was built for passenger service over the Atlantic, from Frankfurt-am-Main to Lakehurst, N. J., was maneuvered over Lake Constance on its first test flight.

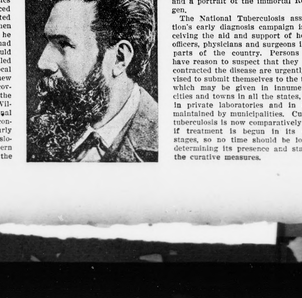
NEW MOVIE HEAD

Where the Floods Were Worst

Map of the general area in the eastern United States that was swept by the recent destructive floods. The shaded areas mark the rivers along which the devastation was most complete.

Campaign for Early Diagnosis of Tuberculosis





Forty years ago this spring Jokesmiths were making the world laugh at an amazing news item from Wernburg, Germany. A professor of physics at the university there had announced the discovery of a ray which penetrated him to see through solid objects. When he was asked what it was he said he didn't know—it was invisible. He had proved it was not light, yet it would take a photograph. He frankly called it an "X" (unknown) ray. The local scientific society voted that the new ray should be named after its discoverer. So today it is called either the X-ray or the Roentgen ray, after Wilhelm Konrad Roentgen. The National Tuberculosis association, which is conducting throughout April an "Early Diagnosis Campaign," has for its slogan, "Fight Tuberculosis With Modern Weapons," and calls attention to the fact that the X-ray and tuberculin test are the weapons it means. The illustration shows the necessary apparatus and a portrait of the immortal Roentgen.

The National Tuberculosis association's early diagnosis campaign is receiving the aid and support of health officers, physicians and nurses in all parts of the country. Persons who have reason to suspect that they have contracted the disease are urgently advised to submit themselves to the tests, which may be given in innumerable cities and towns in all the states, both in private laboratories and in those maintained by municipalities. Cure of tuberculosis is now comparatively sure if treatment is begun in its early stages, so no time should be lost in determining its presence and starting the curative measures.

TALL[illegible]thetic Gentleman

As told to FRANK [illegible]nning Pollock and ELMO SC[illegible], Chronicling Pollock WNU Service.

SYNOPSIS

The Duke, pleasant, likable youth of Chicago and New York, loses his fortune and his job as a result of the stock market crash. He makes himself per men were [illegible] at a summer resort in Florida. Here he meets Jack Evans, kee railroad engineer, and his daughter Barry, who is widely known as a beautiful and popular girl. The Duke, too, is a welcome guest at the Evans home. Barry is engaged to Bill Dossing, a wealthy young Yankee, towish, Wis.

Among the resort guests is Mrs. Mulligan, a wealthy widow, who has been married five times. The Duke is strolling about the hotel grounds when he sees Mrs. Mulligan's car, driven by a chauffeur, Evans, is the driver of the car. The Duke, played by the way, has never had a job as a chauffeur, but he has served as a valet. He learns that Evans and the servants had never hawk, whose head is mounted on the wall of the house, Evans tells the Duke that he has never seen wings were used as a landing strip for planes. He decides to bluff it.

A dormant spirit [illegible]—Continued

having been awakened in the Duke, the Duke replied, grin- of the visiting ca[illegible] and, hooting that grin, treated by Mrs. Mulli[illegible] the plane was nothing "make shift" about the meal. Evans had been to town for cream, and bacon, and bread, and the Duke's courage rose with every sip of the steaming coffee.

"What's this?" he inquired, his eye falling up an envelope at his plate.

"A letter for your mother, sir," Wilkins replied. "It came after she'd left the hotel, and Evans got it when he went back for some things he was to bring out here. He forgot it last night, sir. Mrs. Ridder expected some mail from the employment agency, and places like that. She said you was to open it, sir."

Barry hesitated.

He could feel a chilly something in his butler's gaze.

Sooner than return the gaze, or evade it, he opened the envelope. A hundred dollar bill dropped out.

"Well, sir!" exclaimed the butler, and for once he may have entertained lost in his surprise.

"Well," echoed the Duke, with that new courage born of the steaming cof-

"It's Got to Go." Fumed the White-Haired Gentleman.

fee. "Well, and likewise good. I can use this."

"Yes, sir," said the butler. "A little more coffee, sir?"

"Thank you," assented the Duke. "And just one more piece of toast." With the cheerful breakfast room, with the cheerful sunshine streaming down outside, he read the letter.

"Dear Mother:

"I'm returning the money. I can't keep it, and I can't go to Southampton. I'm sending this special delivery, so you'll have time to get rid of the servants, if you decide not to open the house. For your sake, I hope father improves at Bad Nauheim, but I don't want anything that comes from him, and I shan't write again. Thanks, all the same.

"John."

The Duke picked up the envelope again.

It had been posted the previous morning in New York, and there was no special delivery stamp.

"Well," he remarked, "Santa Claus is certainly worked overtime for me!"

Back with the toast and coffee, Wilkins inquired, "Anything important, sir?"

"The letter?" asked the Duke, as though that had been farthest from his present thoughts. "No. I'll send it to Bad Nauheim when I write, and keep the money until my mother returns."

"What time shall you want the car, sir?"

"The car?"

"For luncheon, sir. It's a fairish long way to the village."

His Grace reflected. It was a long walk to the village. It was an even longer walk to Montauk Point. And, apparently, there was no possibility of overplaying his luck. Why should not he ride to Montauk in comfort—or, at least, to within a few miles of Montauk — and disappear there, instead of at Southampton?

"I might drive, if he said.

Out of sight of the house, he took the precaution of tearing Barry's letter from "John." The truth was that the Duke's uneasiness over that hundred had nothing to do with the fear of being caught. He had never stolen anything before. "I'll return that money from Montauk," mused the Duke. "I don't want to be hooked for robbing the mails."

Life had never been dull for him nor for his father. "Keep moving" was that was the old man's slogan. And that was all he ever kept. Barry's memories began in Pittsburg. Stranded, Francis Gilbert had tutored there.

"Spoiling good longshoremen," he called it, "because their papas are rich." From one of the longshoremen, Barry had discovered that he should have a mother. The old man had never mentioned it, so his son raised the question. "I lost her," his father said.

"How?"

"In Algiers. You were born there."

It was years before Barry was old enough to put the two things together. "Did she die when I was born?" he asked then, and got no answer. This was in San Sebastian, where the old man worked for an engineering concern. Soon afterward, they pushed on to England, and short-lived prosperity. Barry went to school, for the first time, and found that he had learned more from his father than the other lads from their professors. That was fortunate, because the schooling lasted only a year before Barry—fifteen now—was taken to India. "I can't stand counting houses," his father had told him. "They've given me a berth in Calcutta."

It wasn't an upper berth, and it was in another counting house. "I met a fellow today," the elder Gilbert announced, "who's got something to do with the diamond mines. I think we'll go to Johannesburg." They didn't, because, a week later, the old man found another friend who suggested Manila. From there, it was only a step to Canton, and the tea business, and a shorter step to Hong Kong, where Francis Gilbert came home one night with a fever, and died the next morning.

Barry had begged a clerkship in Hong Kong, and then worked his way to San Francisco. On the boat was a movie director. "You've got a great smile," he told the youngster. "I think I can use you." Hollywood, then, and one studio after another. Youth, and looks, and the ingratiating grin helped a lot there. And Barry learned a lot, too. How to wear clothes, and how gentlemen behaved—in Hollywood thought they behaved—in a drawing room. He was earning two hundred dollars a week, sometimes, when a wallet vanished from a coat thrown over a table "in the set." The Duke knew who took it. She was a poor little thing, though, and desperate, and His Grace kept his mouth shut. They couldn't pin it on him, he said, and they didn't, but there were no jobs after that.

And so he'd come East. Ankle-deep in the sand, that morning at Southampton, he kept thinking of the letter he'd just burned. And of his own mother. He had missed her all through his childhood, watching the other boys with their mothers, or, at school in England, getting ready to go home to them. "I lost her," the old man had said, and never mentioned the matter again. Had she died in Algiers, in childbirth, or merely grown weary of wandering, and decided to stay somewhere with someone? "I'd like to find her," the Duke thought.

At noon Evans brought the car.

"Do you know where we're going?" asked the Duke.

"Yes. I'm taking you for a ride."

Almost surly, thought the Duke. And it had a sinister sound, that phrase.

"You want to get lunch, don't you?" the chauffeur added, quickly.

It want to see the end of the island. We can eat anywhere."

The Duke sank back into the cushioned seat. It gave him a curious sense of importance — being driven like this. Along the highway they sped.

The car was slowing down now, and, looking ahead, His Grace saw another impressive mansion on the side of the road. Evans threw out the clutch, and then put his foot on the brake.

A husky young fellow in a uniform was standing in front of the other car. Beside him was a spare, whitehaired gentleman. And, framed in the car's doorway, ready to alight, stood a pretty girl.

"Stop," said the Duke, quite superogratorily, since they had stopped.

She was the prettiest girl he had ever seen, the Duke decided. He had made the same decision many times before, but this time he felt it would be final. Tall and slim and dark, dressed in an ensemble of hunter's green tweed, with a top coat to match, and a tiny felt hat perched upon her sleek black hair, she looked, somehow, like a thing turned out by an entirely perfect machine—trim, and polished, and built for speed. Her eyes were gray, the Duke was to discover later, and wide, and a little cold. Her nose was a straight line from her forehead, and her lips were bright red against the pale ivory of her face.

"Can I do anything for you?" inquired the Duke.

He was standing before her now, and her glance took him in, calmly, appraisingly, before she answered. "No, thanks"

And with that, Barry felt, she erased him from the landscape.

"Yes, you can," said the white-haired gentleman. "That is, if either of you knows anything about a car. My chauffeur doesn't."

"We'll be glad to try," the Duke said, cordially. "Have a look at it, will you, Evans?"

Sullenly, Evans walked over to the open hood.

"It's the ignition," the other chauffeur told him.

"Start her up."

"She won't start."

The two men began fussing with the engine.

"It's got to go," fumed the white-haired gentleman. "I haven't had a bite since breakfast, and I'm due in New York at five o'clock."

"Hungry myself," said the Duke, "Where did you mean to eat?"

(TO BE CONTINUED).

Gnats!

By GRACE SHAVER

© McClure Newspaper Syndicate WNU Service.

"THE way Oscar and I met was a funny thing! There, now I said funny and I didn't mean strange or peculiar, so you don't need to correct me! I said funny. It was a funny thing anyway you looked at it.

"You see I was out in the patch hoeing potatoes. Yes, that was what I said. Not picking wild flowers! It's true that I did have on a big floppy hat and a sort of pink dress—had been pink once, you know—

"Well, I heard an airplane overhead. 'Why is he flying so low?' I thought, and I straightened up to look. The gnats, darn 'em, flew thick about me in a cloud rising from the damp potato vines.

"I slapped at the gnats to clear them from around my head. Just as I had a distinct view of the plane it made a sort of dipping dive. My heart jumped into my throat. Heavens, it's crashing!' I thought. Before my thinker really worked that hard the plane was out of the dive and on its way.

"Next day the same thing happened. Oh, no, you don't get a field of potatoes hoed by hand in one day! I made another slap at the gnats and the plane took a dip. As truly, as I'm telling you, this time someone waved to me from that plane!

"Lordy, how I laughed. When I was shooing gnats the fools thought I was waving to them.

"The third day I did the thing more than half on purpose—slapped at the gnats, I mean; and this time I did sort o' wave! Would you believe it? That plane swung around in a wide circle, came swooping down and lit beflop in Mansard's out field right by my side.

"Men came piling out and one of them screamed at me, 'Is that the house?'

"I hadn't the least idea in the world what he meant but that certainly was the house where he pointed! So I nodded my floppy last summer's hat, as dumb with surprise at their actions as any little country girl.

"They went tearing across our potato patch—four of them! Yelling to each other, 'Surround the house! Take them by surprise!' 'Be careful!' 'Remember they're desperate men.'

"I stood watching them, bewildered. Oscar crawled out of his plane and came over to me. He's a pilot, you know. I wished then that my dress was still pink—or at least clean!

"That was great of you, to signal me so quietly,' the pilot said. 'If they find the boy I suppose you'll get the reward.'

"'What boy?' I gasped. 'I didn't signal you! I was just shooing those gnats!' I brushed frantically again at the persistent little flies. I wanted to get them away from my eyes so I could see Oscar clearly. It isn't often a young man, handsome as a fabled god or viking, drops out of the skies and comes walking across a potato patch to talk to a poor little substance farmerette!

"'You mean,' he demanded, 'that you didn't wave to us to land? We've been circling around here for days hunting the kidnapers' hideout.'

"'No?' My incredulity must have been comical for he began to laugh.

"With that the men came storming back disgusted and perfectly careless how many potato vines they stamped down. Then I began to get excited trying to tell them about a hidden cabin down in the gulch before my farm.

"Yes. They found the boy. That was the hide-out all right! The poor kid was chained in a closet behind a bale. Some of the gang they got, too.

"And that was how I met Oscar. Funny, wasn't it? Waving at gnats, I mean, and bringing down an air pilot. But he says he's only a giant gnat and I needn't deny making a flirt or two at him!"

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

© Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for April 19

GOD, THE FORGIVING FATHER

LESSON TEXT—Luke 15:11-24.

GOLDEN TEXT—Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.—Psalm 103:13.

PRIMARY TOPIC—A Boy's Good Father.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Welcome Home.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—What Is God Like?

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—God's Forgiving Love.

The center of interest in this parable is not the prodigal nor his brother, but the "certain man who had two sons." In this parable, in a most picturesque and dramatic manner, the history of man is portrayed from his fall to his reconciliation with God. The whole orbit of revelation is swept as it pertains to a sinning race and a pardoning God. He who fails to see the heart of our Father God will miss the purpose of the parable. It should be understood and taught not as a piece of far-off ancient history, but as a portrayal of modern conditions.

I. The Son's Insubordination (v. 12). There is every indication that this was a happy home, but a devil entered it and stirred up discontent in the heart of the younger son. He became tired of the restraints of home. His desire for freedom moved him wilfully to choose to leave home to throw off the constraints of a father's rule. Sin is the desire to be free from the restraints of rightful authority and is selfish indulgence. It starts out with wrong thoughts about God.

II. The Son's Departure (v. 13). Having made the fatal decision, he went posthaste to the enjoyment of his cherished vision. He, therefore, got his goods in portable shape and withdrew from his father's presence. Adam and Eve, after they had sinned, hid themselves. The son could not stand the presence of his father, so he hastened away. When the sinner casts off allegiance to God, he takes all that he has with him.

III. The Son's Degeneration (vv. 13, 14).

He had his good time while his money lasted, but the end came quickly. Indications are that this course was soon run. From plenty in his father's house to destitution in the far country was a short journey. The sinner comes to realize the "famine" when the very powers which ministered to his pleasure are burned out.

IV. The Son's Degradation (vv. 15, 16).

His friends lasted only while he had money. When his money was all gone he was driven to hire out to a citizen to feed swine. It was indeed a change from a son in his father's house to feeding swine in a far country. It is the ever so that those who will not serve God are made slaves to the Devil (Rom. 6:16). This vividly portrays the story of many men and women about us, and is a picture of the inevitable consequences of sin.

V. The Son's Restoration (vv. 17-24).

1. He "came to himself" (v. 17). When he reflected a bit he was made conscious that though he had wronged his father and ruined himself, yet he was a son of his father. In the days of his sinning he was beside himself. The sinner continues in sin because he is insane. The world calls the sinner who leaves off his evil ways crazy, but in reality he has just become sane. If sinners could be induced to think seriously of their condition, it would be easy to get them to turn from their sins.

2. His resolution (v. 18). His reflection ripened into resolution. The picture of his home, where even the hired servants had a superabundance, moved him to make a decision to leave the far country and go home.

3. His confession (vv. 18, 19). He acknowledged that his sin was against heaven and his father, that he had forfeited his rights to be called a son, and begged to be given a place as a hired servant.

4. His action (v. 20). Resolution will not avail unless accompanied with action. When the confession is genuine, action will follow.

5. His reception by his father (vv. 20-24). The father had not forgotten his son. No doubt during those years he longed for the son's return. He must often have looked for him, for he beheld him when he was a great way off. So axious was he for his that he ran to meet him and fell upon his neck and kissed him. So glad was the father that he even did not hear the son's confession naturally, but ordered the tokens of honor to be placed upon him, receiving him back into a son's position. Then the feast was made, expressive of the joy of his heart. God is love; Jesus came to reveal God. This parable lays bare God's heart.

A Good Heart

A good heart, a tender disposition, a charity that shuns the day, a modesty that blushes at its own excellence, an impulse toward something more divine than mammon; such are the accomplishments that preserve beauty forever young.—Leigh Lytton.

Virtues

Great souls are not those which have fewer passions and more virtue than common ones, but those only which have greater aims.—La Rochefoucauld.

Page Three

Week's Supply of Postum Free

Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

The Machine Age

How to permit the human race to enjoy the benefits of machinery without depriving men of their employment is a hard nut to crack; and it is not yet cracked.

HOW CARDUI HELPS MONTH AFTER MONTH

Where there have been severe pains every month from functional disturbances resulting from poor nourishment, Cardui has helped thousands of women to obtain relief.

"I suffered a great deal with pain in my side and a weakness in my back," writes Mrs. Walter Page, of Evansville, Ind.

"Each month I would suffer all over and would have to go to bed. One of my neighbors told me how Cardui helped her, so I took it and it helped me. After taking three bottles I felt like a new girl. I can recommend Cardui for weakness and pain."

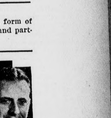
Of course, if Cardui does not benefit YOU, consult a physician.

Public Speaking

Good public speaking is a form of dramatic art—partly a gift and partly training.

FOUND! My Ideal Remedy for PAIN

"Though I have tried all good remedies Capudine suits me best. It is quick and gentle." Quickest because it is liquid—its ingredients are already dissolved. For headache, neuralgia, or muscle aches.



CAPUDINE

On Flirting

Men who don't "like to get acquainted" never flirt.

Black Leaf 40

KILLS INSECTS ON FLOWERS • FRUITS VEGETABLES & SHRUBS

Demand original sealed bottles, from your dealer

Pain in Back and Head

Mrs. L. V. Ellis of 806 Washington St., Durham, N. C., said: "I was very much relieved from severe pain in the small of my back and from awful headaches that made me miserable. Doan's Pills relieved me and I helped me wonderfully — I enjoyed eating, fell so much stronger and, best of all, I was relieved of the backache, too." 50c. New size, tabs. 30c. Liquid $1.00 and $1.35.

Miserable with backache?

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night, when you feel tired, nervous, all upset . . . use Doan's Pills.

Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

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No Need to Suffer "Morning Sickness"

"Morning sickness"—is caused by an acid condition. To avoid it, acid must be offset by *alkalis*—such as magnesia.

Why Physicians Recommend Milnesia Wafers

These mint-flavored, candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia in solid form—the most pleasant way to take it. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia. Chewed thoroughly, then swallowed, they correct acidity in the mouth and throughout the digestive system and insure quick, complete elimination of the waste matters that cause gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts.

Milnesia Wafers come in bottles of 20 and 48, at 35c and 60c respectively, and in convenient tins for your handbag containing 12 at 20c. Each wafer is approximately one adult dose of milk of magnesia. All good drug stores sell and recommend them.

Start using these delicious, effective anti-acid, gently laxative wafers today

Professional samples sent free to registered physicians or dentists if request is made on professional letterhead. Sales Products, Inc., 4402 23rd St., Long Island City, N. Y.

35c & 60c bottles

20c tins

The Original Milk of Magnesia Wafers